

#### Caleb Was Pretty "Nigh."

"Ef so be't anybody sh'd ask me who I caounted was th' aout an' aout meanest man in Bridgeby, or anywher's around," remarked Mr. Enos James to a select audience at the village store one evening, "I wouldn't take me long t' set forth my mind, I ken tell ye."

"I hed t' go over to Caleb Simonds of an errand fer m' wife one day last week, an' Miry, she persuaded me t' set daown t' dinner along with 'en, as I'd got to go over t' Centreville b'fore I went home, an' 'twas jest th' noonin'."

"I hated to stay, fer I knew Caleb wouldn't be much set up t' see me, an' I don't never seem t' relish my food there, someways, but I was overpowered kind of, b' Miry, an' I staid. Caleb looked all took aback t' see me when he come in, but he tried t' appear cheerful."

"When I see thet pooty, slim lookin' little Follett gal come in I was sorry fer her, t' think what kind o' nourish ment she'd most likely took in while she was boardin' aout her time there!"

"I ain't goin' t' find no fault with th' food, fer I partook of t' an filled up as well as I could. But ef ye'll b'lieve me when we was half through with th' meal, sech as 'twas, Caleb casted his eye ep t' th' clock an' says he, 'Well, Miss Follett, I see your boardin' time here is aout naow ye've hed half y'r dinner, but I callate t' be lib'ral as c'd be expected, an' I shan't begrege ye, ef ye eat pooty nigh th' same ammount as usul'."

"O' course," concluded Enos James in a burst of indignation, "she never eat another maonthful! Caleb Simonds may hev his good p'int, but he's jes' a grait too nigh fr me t' see what they be!"—Youth's Companion.

#### He Knew the Woman.

A few years ago the writer was on a train on an Indiana railroad, and in front of him sat a woman in deep mourning. When the conductor came through she told him that she had no money nor ticket, that her child was lying at the point of death at Elkhart, and that she was trying to get to it. She begged and entreated the conductor to carry her to that point, where, she said, she had friends who would pay him well for his trouble.

"You must pay your fare or get off the train," said the conductor bluntly. "You certainly will not be so inhuman as to keep me from reaching my dying child?" said the woman as the tears came to her eyes.

The conductor reached for the bell-cord as the engine whistled for a small station. The passengers began to grow indignant, and there was talk of a collection to pay the woman's fare, when the conductor, taking the woman by the arm, said in a loud voice: "This woman is a spotter. Seven years ago she caused the discharge of several conductors on the Lake Shore road, to whom she told this story and who carried her free. I regret to say that I was one of the conductors, and I do not propose to be caught again."

Without a word the woman got up and left the train when it stopped, and the indignation of the passengers melted away as she disappeared.—Indianapolis News.

#### What Indiana Worship.

The natural configuration of many mountains suggests the human face, and such physiognomies cut out of the rocks on a gigantic scale are commonly regarded by savages as objects of worship. Ellen Russell Emerson says that the Thunder Bird of the Tlulinkits is described by them as a giant man dwelling in the sacred hills. When in want of food he provides himself with a pair of wings and a mask in the shape of a bird's head, the latter having a beak as sharp as a knife and "a tongue that makes fire."

Thus arrayed the god spreads his wings and sails over the ocean in search of a whale. By his side and attached to his waist is the lightning demon, which darts upon the prey and fetches it to the hungry god.—Washington Star.

#### How Mr. Dyer Catches Seals.

Mr. Dyer lives on a small island near Seven Hundred Acre Island, Islesboro. He takes a pole several feet in length, to which is attached a number of common codfish hooks with lanyards several feet in length. The hooks are baited with a herring. This contrivance is anchored and buoyed, the hooks being just below the surface. The seals in swallowing the herring become hooked. Mr. Dyer has taken a large number in this manner.—Eastern Argus.

#### "Judas Colored Hair."

The adjective "Judas colored hair" and many similar allusions are often met with in writings of the older authors. In "As You Like It" Rosalind says of Orlando, "His very hair is of that dissembling color," to which Celia replies, "Something browner than Judas'."—St. Louis Republic.

"Gentlemen," said one worthy nobleman, who loved to use the Devonshire dialect, "I wish to propose a toast; and that there is this here, 'Fox hunting!'"

"Contagious diseases," says the old philosopher of the Canebroke region, "is sometimes gen'ly always ketchin'."

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